



THE CITIZEN OF TORONTO, AS VIEWED FROM THE STANDPOINT OF THE CITY TREASURER.

WHERE'S THE SCREW LOOSE?

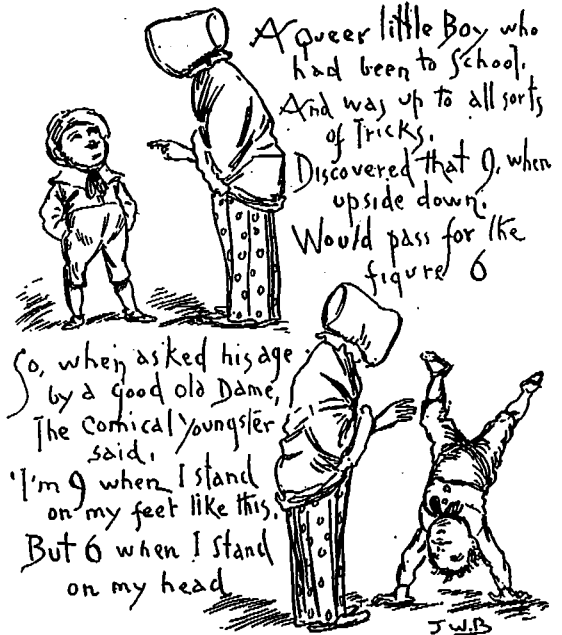
UPON a circular sent out by the promoters of the proposed Children's Aid Society is a very life-like portrait of a poor little barefooted waif, with scarcely rags enough upon him to cover his nakedness. Just above are the words: "In the person of this neglected child a true picture of nineteenth century civilization is presented to you for contemplation."

Men and brethren, let us reason together upon this for a moment.

Alongside of this little vagrant's portrait we may place that of Mr. John Rockefeller, whose annual income is \$20,000,000.

There you have the two extremes of society in an age when inventive power and executive skill of man is equal to the production of more than enough of the comforts of life to satisfy the wants of all the inhabitants of this planet. If each man got a fair return for his labor, and no man got more than he fairly earned, neither of the social monstrosities above mentioned could exist to-day. The screw is loose in the matter of the distribution of the common store of wealth, and it is easily accounted for. Mr. Rockefeller has taken into his own private possession the oil which the Creator graciously deposited in the rocks beneath the surface of Pennsylvania; other fortunate individuals have, in one way and another, become "owners" of the coal-beds, the silver mines, in

short, the land and all that it contains, and into their private purses flows a stream of wealth, representing the premium which their fellow-creatures have to pay them for the privilege of having access to the elements of nature which are essential to human life. A barbed wire fence is thus built around the natural opportunities to which every willing man might otherwise apply his labor for his own satisfaction, and willing labor is accordingly forced to go hat in hand to beg for work as a favor. But here looms up another of the infernal inventions of human greed and selfishness in the shape of the "Protective" tariff, which still further narrows the space in which starving men must fight for their lives. Goods are "protected" and rendered dear to the consumer, but there is no "protection" for labor, and competition brings down wages to the lowest living point. Then, as the natural revenue of the community—the value which population gives to land—goes into private pockets, the public till must be supplied by taxes, which still further deplete the meagre purses of the toilers. The father of our little waif was probably one of them, and hence his child's rags and hopelessness. Nineteenth century civilization! It is a blasphemy of God!



THE CUTE LITTLE BOY.

A FIELD FOR PERCY-VERANCE.

[One by one our scions of aristocracy are drifting into commercial pursuits. Mr. Percy Vernon, who may one day be Lord Lyveden, has set up as a nurseryman and floral market-gardener.]

Doubtless when Percy "took to trade,"
In this wise argued he—
"A swell who buckles to the spade
Preserves his dig-nitee!"

—Funny Folks.

"WHAT ho! without!" perchance may cry
His haughty sire, the Duke.
"A garden-hoe," he will reply,
"To which I now have took."

"How now! Thy pride of race dost doff,
A menial's part to take?"
"At honest toil pray do not scoff,
I am no useless rake."



GOOD SIGN FOR A DOG KENNEL.